

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



THE BROWN FAMILY.

FAIRLY-CUM-FORELANDS;

OR, OUR PARISH AND SOME OF ITS PEOPLE.

CHAPTER XII.—RICHARD BAXTER—LOIS RYLE—MORE
PARISH GOSSIP.

The next morning found Mr. Verity on his way to Richard Baxter's, Betty having, with an alacrity that satisfied him, pledged herself to attend to all the possible wants of Corny's daughter.

No. 504.—August 22, 1861.

She had passed a tolerably easy night, and the visit of Mr. Verity in the early morning had greatly calmed and comforted her.

"I will go," he thought, "to Richard Baxter; he, Mr. Scott said, visited Ferns in the Union."

From him and his wife he learned much that interested him in the dying woman.

"One thing against poor Corny," said Richard Baxter, "was the barren ministry we had in his time."

M M

PRICE ONE PENNY.

"Was the church as well filled then as now?" said Mr. Verity.

"Pretty nigh, sir; but the only good preaching was from the desk."

"I am grieved to see so small a congregation now; it wants much vivacity, much natural power, to call numbers around."

Mr. Verity said this with an air of depression.

"No matter, sir, you tell the truth, and tell it from your heart: that is what is wanted. There's a many fine preachers that draw great congregations, and seem to be making a wonderful stir; but I have my doubts if they are doing the real work of the church of Christ so thoroughly as some who are going on quietly, and having less favour with the people. Why, sir, if you could talk very loud, and, as you say, eloquently, and give 'em something to keep 'em thinking a bit, in an amusing way, I might say they'd come thick and threefold to hear you, and you'd be called a 'fine man in pulpit,' and all the country round would flock to church—not to hear the *gospel*, but to hear *you*, (and *many*, that they might say as they'd heard you;) but you see, sir, instead of amusing them with stories in your sermons, (as many preachers do,) and talking random to 'em about one thing or another, you just preach Jesus Christ and him crucified; and I'd like to know when *that* was ever pleasing to the multitude. You bring home the fact that the disciple of Jesus must deny himself and take up his cross daily; and that's not pleasant to hear about, you know, sir. Of course, the men that like to stand all sabbath morning sunning themselves against yonder wall with their pipes in their mouths, (I see them when I go to church, and I see them when I come back,) of course they don't want to hear about Jesus and his doctrine; it's all too plain to their case to be pleasant, and there's nothing amusing in it."

"But the congregation increases," said Mr. Verity, thoughtfully.

"Yes, sir, it does increase; and I believe if God wills it, it will increase more and more; but this I say for your comfort: I believe those who *do* go to hear you, go for the *gospel*, which thought should be a deal more precious to you than if they went to hear 'enticing words of man's wisdom;' it is the word that does it, sir. 'The entrance of Thy word giveth light.'"

"Yes, but God has appointed the foolishness of preaching, foolish compared with the word; and a powerful presenting of the gospel is not to be lightly prized. I hope I distinguish between the tool and the hand that uses it, but the stronger the hand—"

"Yes, sir, I know it; and God has been pleased to raise up powerful men—Luthers, sons of thunder, here and there, to do a special work. Such were Whitefield and John Wesley. What a glorious work was theirs! yet the power even with them was of God. Paul may plant, and Apollos water, yet, if God doesn't show mercy, you know, sir—"

"True, very true," said Mr. Verity.

"Sir, excuse me," said Richard Baxter, with tears of affection in his eyes; "God forbid that I should sin by flattering lips, or spread a net for your feet; but I believe your preaching is blessed, and while

you go on as you do, seeking God's glory in his dear Son, and not your own, it *will* be blessed. Many a sermon of yours has reminded me of the words of Moses, 'My speech shall distil as the dew;' and very refreshing indeed to my soul is it to sit and listen to your gracious words."

Mrs. Baxter, whose eyes glistened like her husband's, as she shook his offered hand, added, "Though Israel be not gathered," etc., Is. xlix. 5.

Mr. Verity was grateful for their love, and felt to his comfort the truth of what Baxter said, or rather inferred, that the power was in the word, when applied by the Holy Spirit, and that he had perhaps thought too much of his own inefficiency (which indeed he over-rated) in declaring it. "After all," he said, "the Shepherd loves the sheep more than even the best of his underlings can. I must rest more on his power, and be humbly thankful for such as he designs to bestow on me. I think there is some pride in this humility of mine."

So engrossed was he with his thoughts, that he fairly ran up against Lois Ryle, who was standing in the road talking with Sally Brown—both too busy to notice his approach. Sally disappeared instantly, but Lois stood still.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said Lois, as soon as she had recovered from the surprise.

"Nay," said Mr. Verity, "I may beg yours, Lois; but I would rather ask you why you are out in the road talking at this time of day, instead of being in your house at work?"

Mr. Verity would not have put this home question, but the sight of her standing with Sally Brown, whom he knew to be an inveterate scandal-monger, had vexed him, as he had great hopes of Lois's becoming a thoroughly reformed character.

"Well, sir, I was on my way home. I've been to Mr. Leathby's lodge to take home some bags as the mistress gave me to make, and I met Sally, and she stopped me to ask if I'd heard about the woman at Fairly."

"What woman?"

"Why, the woman at the vicarage, I believe, sir; she didn't rightly know, but she'd heard as some poor thing was taken in by you, and as Dixon's wife should say she was a relation of ours."

"Dixon's wife knows nothing about her, Lois; and if she did, she would not spread reports. I am quite sure she never said anything of the kind."

"May be not, sir," said Lois, who didn't seem much interested in it. "I was saying to Sally as there was no good listening to tales."

"She is not at the vicarage, and she is no relation of yours; for the rest, it's of no consequence to you nor to Sally."

"No, sir, that's what I said, it's of no consequence; but Mrs. Bletherby has been down this morning to Sally's, knowing as she's very newsy, just to find if she could tell her about her."

"Mrs. Bletherby shall know in good time," said Mr. Verity. "Have you followed my advice, Lois, with your daughters?"

"Yes, sir, I've tried my best; but they are so wilful, it's very hard to manage with 'em."

"Never mind; the downward path that you found so easy has made the uphill path more difficult."

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You must remember that, and try to bear with patience, and struggle with diligence, to do them good; you will have help enough if you ask for it; if they are headstrong, and, being in service, are beyond your control in a measure, yet remember, by never countenancing them in evil, by keeping a comfortable home in case they like to return and work with you, and above all, by a steady consistent Christian life, you are sure to gain them over—or if not, you will have peace in your own conscience.”

“Yes, sir,” said Lois, meekly.

“And, Lois, pray don’t stand to talk with gossips.”

“No, sir,” said Lois, walking home very fast, and telling Sally, whom she found waiting at her door, that she had a power of work to do and couldn’t stop to talk.”

CHAPTER XIII.—BET SMITH’S REFORMATION—DICKY BROWN.

IN Forelands very conflicting feelings were abroad respecting Mr. Verity.

Sally Brown, whom his sudden apparition had driven from Lois, considered that he had done serious damage there; there was now no getting a word out of Bet Smith, whose husband Ercles had taken the pledge, and quite given up drinking, and had followed John Dixon’s plan, and made his wife give up scandalizing. This he might have found difficult; but so many things of an unpleasant nature were said by the good people at the time of the infant’s death, and especially by her particular friend Sally, all of which were vividly represented and repeated by her kind neighbours, that Bet, in a fit of great disgust, vowed she would cut the whole society of gossips; and as Ercles made regular church-going a part of his reformation, she went with him, and determined henceforth to establish a character for good living, like the Dixons. In a little time, when her wrath had abated, her zeal slackened, and she sorely yearned after a long talk with her old cronies. But it was not in her power to draw back. Ercles soon found the difference between a home-keeping, decent wife, and a wandering, chattering busy-body; and as he stuck to his temperance and domestic duties, he was determined she should do the same. Mr. Verity gave him every encouragement in all his new ways, and was not slow in encouraging Bet too, setting forth to her the difference in her home now, and on that sad evening when he had been obliged to supply them with needful food.

And there was a wonderful change; clean and bright inside; no more rag-stuffed panes in the windows; the causeway before the door weeded; the little garden gay with flowers; Bet herself respectably dressed, and Smith’s clothes out of pawn, well brushed and mended; shoes whole; ah, it was a wonderful change. Ercles used to say that though he knew his wife was always on the tramp with the gossips while he was out, yet, as sure as ever he came home he found her washing, the house full of steam, and wet rags hanging about in every direction, so that he could never sit down in comfort; “and yet I never could get a tidy shirt,” he said.

This was all changed.

Sally grew melancholy. Bet’s reformation hung

heavy on her heart, and Lois, whom she would gladly have taken up with, was slipping out of her grasp. She was not yet without resources, however, and turned to another more practicable neighbour, whose door, being half open, allowed of her going in, and with whom she stayed, repeating Mrs. Bletherby’s story, and making the usual additions, for at least an hour.

“I thought,” she said, “it was a relation of Lois, and I was asking her about it, when up comes Mr. Verity, looking as cross as thunder, and I turned off.”

“You ain’t great with him, like Bet Smith,” said the neighbour.

“Oh, he don’t like me, I know,” said Sally, “because I can say my soul’s my own. I’m not going to do like Bet, and go to church just to please him, and keep my mouth shut till my husband lets me open it.”

“No, right enough,” said the neighbour; “I don’t see as Bet’s a bit better for her church-going; I never heard as she’d any sign of grace about her.”

“No, nor more did I; I’m sure she’d need to repent, considering how she behaved to them dear children—pretty creatures; but if she’d a-wanted repentance, she could have got it at chapel as well as church, couldn’t she?”

This was a politic stroke of Sally’s, for her neighbour was a very decided Dissenter.

“Yes; but *you seldom comes to chapel*: why, you haven’t been the last three Sundays!”

“Well,” said Sally, rather abashed, “you see Brown is so put about if I’m out on Sundays; he says it’s his only day when he can have a hot dinner, so I’m obliged to stay in.”

Now, Brown would greatly have preferred “her staying in” during the week also, but Sally thought the Sabbath was enough to devote to her conscientious discharge of a wife’s duty, at the expense of her duty to God: her neighbour was not taken in, but, not choosing to interfere, didn’t answer.

“I should a-come on Sunday night, but to say truth,” said Sally, who nevertheless was about to tell a falsehood, “I saw old Richard Baxter going in and I turned off: I cannot bear his preaching.”

This was another stroke of policy, for she knew her companion was no admirer of the Baxters.

“Oh,” said the neighbour, “he’s too much of himself a deal; it’s all about what’s to be done; just such things as we knows and understands well enough without being told; I don’t think so much of him and his wife, for all they hold themselves up so; I don’t know as they’re a bit better than other folks.”

“And la! so stingy as they are,” said Sally, who now launched forth into a delightful stream of gossip, to which her neighbour lent a willing ear, both of them entirely forgetting the religious tone their conversation had assumed; there was scarcely a bone left whole in good Mr. Baxter’s character, many side slaps being also dealt to sundry others.

“Well, I must get home,” said Sally, at last, “my children’ll be wanting their dinner.”

“Oh! why, we’ve had our dinner this hour ago,” said her neighbour.

“Ah, but you’ve got everything your own way,

you see; Brown isn't like your husband, worse luck; he don't stick to his work, and it's very seldom (only, you won't name it) as we gets regular dinner; for my part," she said, whimpering, "it's little comfort of life I've got; Brown's terrible nasty in his temper, and all the children takes after him, and I stick-beat 'em for everlasting, and nothing does 'em any good."

"Ah, children's a terrible plague," said her neighbour; "come away from the fire you—" she called out, brandishing a mop at her youngest, who had been busy among the ashes while his mother and Sally had been mangling Richard Baxter's character.

Sally departed, to scold her children and get a cup of tea, and then look out for a fresh companion to solace herself with in a comfortable gossip.

"Mother," said her eldest boy, about eleven years old, "Naomi Berners has been here, and she wants you to call on her."

This raised Sally's spirits; she was charmed at the invitation.

"It's like your impudence to say 'Naomi,'" she answered; "take that," knocking at his head, but without touching him; "why don't you learn manners, and call her Mrs. Berners?"

Dicky Brown, who knew by this time how to parry the attacks both of hand and tongue that his mother so incessantly made on him, answered that he only called her what every one else did.

"And is that any reason why you shouldn't have manners?" she said, with another fruitless cuff, Dicky ducking as successfully as before.

"Where's little Sal and the baby, and where's Jack? what's become of 'em all? one can't turn one's back a minute but you're all off, plague upon ye! I don't know who'd be bothered wi' children."

Dicky, who had been left in charge with baby, had preferred hushing her to sleep, and with much care had put her to bed, having a more pleasant engagement with a boy in the field behind the cottage; Sall, about five years old, and very hungry, had cried herself to sleep on the step of a neighbour's door; and as to Jack, who was seven, there did not seem any chance of his turning up.

"I seen him in yonder cow-close," said Dick Cobley, as he again ducked under another thump; which thump, as it was properly Jack's for not being there, he did not think it reasonable for him to take.

"Go and look after him this minute," said Sally, "and come in all of you, or not one bit shall you have this day."

Dick went forth, not much heeding the threat, and encountered Mr. Verity, who, after a long round of visiting, was returning to Fairly.

There was something bright-looking in Dick, that always attracted Mr. Verity, who was very fond of children. In his usual kindly manner, he asked him how he was and where he was going. Dick, who was affectionate and open to kindness, looked up with a smile, and said he was looking for Jack.

Mr. Verity then questioned him as to his place in school, where indeed, thanks to his mother's management, Dick was rarely seen; the ingenuous answer, and a considerable measure too of shrewdness in the child, pleased Mr. Verity, who on turning to

leave the village, gave him a penny, and told him he hoped he would be more regular at school. "It's my shoes," said Dick, looking down on his toes, which peeped out of those he had on.

"Ah, well, come down to the vicarage, and we will see what can be done," said Mr. Verity.

Now Dick, looking at his penny, without giving Jack another thought, went off to the shop and bought as many sugar messes as the money would buy; then, leisurely sauntering in the lane beyond the village, while he sucked them, meditated with much satisfaction on the visit he was to pay to the vicarage, from which very few little boys returned, it was well known, without something good. Having stayed as long as he thought prudent, he put his remaining "bull's eyes" in his pocket and returned home, declaring that he had been everywhere and Jack was nowhere; for, as to there being any difference between truth and falsehood, that was quite out of Dicky's code of morals. He always heard his mother tell his father the tale most convenient, without regard to facts; it did not strike him that there was anything but a natural way of dealing in this; therefore, if she beat him for telling lies, which she sometimes did, he thought her very unreasonable.

He had scarcely finished his report of "having been everywhere," when Jack called out from behind the door, that if mother would let him out this time he'd be good; for Jack had made his appearance, and been imprisoned with a thump or two, soon after Dicky had left; little Sall was sitting on the floor besmeared with tears and dirt; and baby, who had been disturbed by the noise, began a stout braying from the bed.

The mother, taking her up, put her into Dick's arms and bade him hold her while she got some tea; then, making a fire with twice as many sticks as she would have wanted if it had been done properly, she began to puff away with the bellows till she had made the kettle boil. "Come along with ye," she said, slapping Sall, and making her cry louder; and soon she gave them their mid-day meal, weak tea without milk, and dry bread; where was she to get butter from? where, indeed?

Dicky and Jack were, however, very contented, trying who could make the neatest pools on the round table with their tea; poor little Sall being perched in a tall chair, and having a cup of sop made sweet with sugar, was pacified; and baby, who seemed of a happy turn of mind, stared about, and choked, and made various efforts at knocking everything over, as babies generally do.

The meal despatched, Sally was not long in clearing it away; and, threatening Dick with her heavy displeasure if he dared to leave his post again, she went to Naomi Berners.

THE GREAT BEAR AND HIS NEIGHBOURS.

URSA MAJOR, the Great Bear, is the accepted denomination for the most splendid and conspicuous cluster of stars in the northern hemisphere, which never set in any latitude above that of the Mediterranean, and thus, being within the circle of perpetual apparition, visible by night at all

seasons, to the whole of Europe, or very nearly so, it has been in all ages an object of universal interest and admiration to its inhabitants, civilized and rude. This asterism, or collection of stars, is, of course, one of the ancient constellated groups, and is familiarly known by seven bright stars, which, by alignment, form two geometrical figures, a quadrangle and a triangle. The most fertile imagination fails to trace any correspondence in the arrangement of the stars, to the shape of the animal whose name, for thousands of years, they have borne. But, as men of yore were content to subordinate the evidence of their senses to mythological fable, the ideal resemblance gained acceptance and acquired permanence, from a natural indisposition to disturb old associations. According to the fable, an earthly damsel, Calisto by name, moreover a princess, having excited the jealousy of Juno, was transformed by her into a bear, and barbarously maltreated by the virago. The account may be read at length in the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid. On this behaviour of his spouse, Jupiter interposed, and got the victim, thus become a she-bear, out of the way of his wife, by raising her to the skies, and placing her among the constellations. Calisto, be it remembered, was a reputed native of the city of Helicé in Achaia; and hence the stars are sometimes indicated from the place of her nativity, as in the finely descriptive lines of the ancient classic:—

"Night on the earth poured darkness; on the sea
The wakesome sailor to Orion's star
And Helicé turn'd heedful. Sunk to rest,
The traveller forgot his toil; his charge
The sentinel; her death-devoted babe
The mother's painless breast. The village dog
Had ceased his troublous bay. Each busy tumult
Was hush'd at that dead hour; and darkness slept,
Look'd in the arms of silence. She alone,
Medea, slept not."

The mythology of the affair seems to have been quite satisfactory to old Thomas Hood, a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who wrote on the celestial globe in the year 1590. It enabled him to account for the prodigious length of the bear's tail, which sweeps over full twenty degrees of space, in utter defiance of zoological propriety.

"*Scholar*. I marvel why, seeing she hath the forme of a beare, her taile should be so long."

"*Master*. Imagine that Jupiter, fearing to come too nigh unto her teeth, laide holde on her taile, and thereby drew her up into the heaven; so that shee of herself being very weightie, and the distance from the earth to the heavens very great, there was great likelihood that her taile must stretch. Other reason know I none."

This long lateral appendage has a location in *Hudibras*:—

"Cardan believed great states depend
Upon the tip o' th' Bear's tail end,
That, as she whisk'd it towards the sun,
Strew'd mighty empires up and down;
Which others say must needs be false,
Because your true bears have no tails."

It is certainly a curious fact, that the Iroquois, a tribe of North American Indians, on the discovery of that continent, were found indicating the same region of the heavens in the same manner as the early Greeks and Egyptians, by a name which in their language signified the bear.

But the asterism figured as well, to the ancient eye, under the form of a wagon drawn by a team of horses. So also did the stars of the Lesser Bear, for which we have the respectable authority of Aratus, the oldest astronomical writer whose productions are extant:—

"The one call'd Helix, soon as day retires,
Observed with ease, lights up his radiant fires:
The other, smaller, and with feebl' beams,
In a less circle drives its lazy teams;
But more adapted for the sailor's guide,
Whene'er by night he tempts the briny tide."

In this representation, two stars of the quadrangle are taken for the hind wheels, the other two for the fore wheels, and those of the triangle for the horses or oxen. Our forefathers familiarly styled the constellation Charles's Wain, a name still retained in some of our rural districts. The word "wain" is intelligible enough, being used interchangeably with cart or wagon. But the "Charles" has puzzled many, being assumed to be the proper name of a person. It is, however, most likely simply a corruption of the Anglo-Saxon *ceorl*, churl or peasant; and Charles's Wain may therefore be referred to the primitive Gothic *karl-wagen*, the churl or peasant's cart. In former days, before the invention of time-pieces, or when they had not become common, the peasantry had recourse to star-gazing to ascertain the hour of the night; and the relative position of this constellation to conspicuous terrestrial objects was a usual guide. Hence the remark of the carrier in Shakespeare, "An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged. Charles's Wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed!"

According to another fancy, the four bright stars of the quadrangle pictured a sarcophagus or bier, while those of the triangle symbolized the children of the deceased or the mourners in attendance. Kircher named the former the bier of Lazarus, and the latter, a stellar triplicate, he called Mary, Martha, and Magdalen. The old shepherds found a more homely but much more natural similitude for these stars, in the Dipper or Ladle with which they helped themselves to their porridge, taking those of the quadrangle for the bowl, and those of the triangle for the handle. They may also be readily turned into a plough and team, a reaping-hook, and a note of interrogation.

Let us now take a turn round the quadrangle, beginning on the western side, at the uppermost corner. Here is Dubhe, the brightest star of the group, and one of the first magnitude. The name is Arabic, from *dubb*, a bear, and is written at full length, *Dhuhr dubb-al-akbar*, the back of the Great Bear. It is usual with astronomers to denote the stars of each constellation by the letters of the Greek alphabet, giving the first letters in order to the more splendid. Dubhe is hence indicated by this method as α Ursæ Majoris. But as the more prominent stars have acquired certain proper names, mostly of oriental origin and ancient date, they are retained as well; and even when not in familiar use, it is of service to be acquainted with them, as a ready means of identifying these objects in old historical records. At the lower angle is Merak, or *Merak al-dubb-al-akbar*, the loins of the Great

Bear, otherwise designated β Ursæ Majoris. This star has ever been a favourite with ancients and moderns, because a straight line drawn from it through Dubhe, and continued about five times the distance, leads to the pole-star, near the true north polar point of the heavens. The old rhymers relate:—

"Where yonder radiant hosts adorn the northern evening sky,
Seven stars, a splendid glorious train, first fix the wandering eye.
To deck great Ursa's shaggy form, those brilliant orbs combine;
And where the first and second point, there see Polaris shine."

Owing to this important service, the two stars are by common consent called the Pointers, and sometimes the Guards. They form a good starting-post for the student to proceed by the method of pointers from one celestial object to another, and he may thus speedily acquire a practical acquaintance with the whole visible firmament. Hence our poet oracle advises:—

"He who would scan the figured skies, its brightest gems to tell,
Must first direct his mind's eye north, and learn the Bear's stars well."

On the opposite side of the quadrangle, at the south-east corner, is Phegda, from *Pekkâh-al-dubb-al-akbar*, the thigh of the Great Bear, or γ Ursæ Majoris; and at the north-east angle, Megrez, from *Maghrez-al-dubb-al-akbar*, the root of the Great Bear's tail, or δ Ursæ Majoris. It may be useful to state that the distance between the pointers may be taken at 5° , and from them to the pole-star about 29° , which, though not the true distances, will serve as a gazing scale.

Proceeding to the triangle, or the bear's tail, the first of the conspicuous stars in order from the quadrangle, or the body, is Alioth, from which, a straight line drawn through the pole-star, and prolonged to a nearly equal distance beyond, leads close to Schedir, one of the bright stars in Cassiopeia. The next, called Mizar, a word which occurs as a proper name in the forty-second Psalm, is nearly central, and remarkable for a minute companion, Alcor, which the Arabs are said to have used as a test of the sharpness of the sight of an observer. The third, Alkaid, commonly defined as being at the tip of the tail, is also frequently called Benatnasch. But both terms allude to the fancied figure of a bier, and are taken from the Arabic denomination, *Al Kâ'id-al benât-al-na'sh*, the governor of the mourners.

Though the popular eye is only familiar with the seven principal stars in this constellation, yet others of inferior brightness are obvious. They were noted in the earliest times, and the known number has been successively increased as greater telescopic power has been employed. The constituents have been thus reckoned by different observers, since the age of Ptolemy.

Ptolemy (about A.D.) . . .	35 stars	Griemberger . . .	57 stars
Copernicus . . .	35 "	Hevelius . . .	73 "
Tycho Brahe . . .	50 "	Flamsteed . . .	87 "
Kepler . . .	50 "	Bode . . .	333 "

In the infancy of navigation this grand asterism guided the nocturnal path of ships. So says Manilius, but with an obvious inaccuracy,

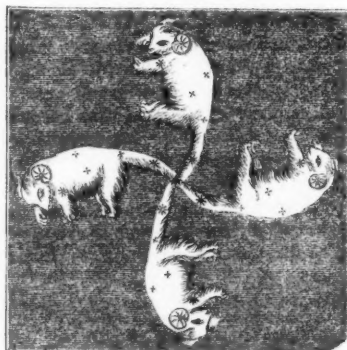
"Seven equal stars adorn the Greater Bear,
And teach the Grecian sailors how to steer."

At what period men began to sail by the stars, and

who cultivated nautical astronomy the first, are points lost in the nights of ages past. Homer says of Ulysses, when afloat on his raft, that

"Placed at the helm he sat, and marked the skies,
Nor closed in sleep his ever watchful eyes;"

and Palinurus, the renowned pilot of the Trojan fleet, is represented as having been so intent upon stargazing, that he fell overboard, and was lost to his companions. But to the Phœnicians the honour is universally ascribed of leaving the Great Bear for the Lesser, as a better guide to steer by, an example which in another sense we may follow, with the remark that though always to be seen in the unclouded night-sky of these latitudes, yet the summer and autumnal months offer the most favourable times for a look-out on Ursa Major.



Though containing no conspicuous object to the common eye, and with nothing remarkable in its appearance, yet Ursa Minor, the Lesser Bear, has engrossed more of the serious attention of mankind than any other constellation in the heavens, owing to the important service rendered by its position to navigation and surveying. A star at the tip of the tail, between the second and third magnitude, is practically the most useful one in the firmament, whether to the astronomer or the seaman, and has from time immemorial been called the pole-star. It appears stationary during the diurnal revolution of the sphere, as if the tail tip were nailed to the polar point, while the rest of the asterism, or the figure of the animal, swings round feet foremost every twenty-four hours, as represented in the diagram. The pole-star is not, however, the true polar point, but at present about one degree and a half from it. This distance will be gradually lessened by its northerly precession in declination, to rather less than half a degree, a proximity which will occur in the year A.D. 2095. It will then begin slowly to recede to a certain distance, and then as slowly re-approach. More accurately, the star will remain immovable in its present position, as it always has done. But it undergoes apparent displacement along with the other stars, owing to the revolution of the pole of the earth round the pole of the ecliptic, in the long cycle of 26,000 years. The pole-star enables mariners and travellers in the northern hemisphere very conveniently to find their latitude, for the distance of a place from the equator is always equal to the altitude of the polar point. The same advantage is not

enjoyed of a similar point in the southern hemisphere.

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enjoyed in the opposite hemisphere; and the want of a similar stellar guide to indicate the south polar point is severely felt.

In close attendance upon the Great Bear, as if driving the animal round the pole of the heavens, the ancients arranged the group of *Arctophylax*, the bear-keeper, otherwise called *Bootes*, the herdsman, armed with a club in the right hand, and now represented holding the leash of the two greyhounds of *Hevelius*, as a huntsman ready to let them slip. The fine star *Arcturus*, of the first magnitude, is in this constellation, shining with a reddish lustre, not unlike that of the planet *Mars*. It was an object of great popular attention in the first week of October, 1858, when the beautiful and grand spectacle was afforded of the remarkable comet of that year passing over the star, which shone with undiminished brightness through the interception. A similar transit occurred in the year 1618, and is noticed in a descriptive tract of the time, by "John Bambridge, Doctor of Physicke," who remarks, "The 27th of November, in the morning, the comet's hair was spread over the faire starre, *Arcturus*, betwixt the thighs of *Arctophylax*, or *Bootes*." The name twice occurs in our version of the Scriptures; and in one place where "*Arcturus* with his sons" is mentioned, the reference is undoubtedly to all the principal stars in that region of the heavens, including, therefore, those of the Great Bear. *Joh*, addressed by the Almighty out of the whirlwind, is challenged to contrast his own power and intelligence with the strength and wisdom apparent in creating the luminaries, clothing them with splendour, and keeping them in place:—

"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of *Pleiades*,
Or loose the bands of *Orion*?
Canst thou bring forth *Mazzaroth* in his season,
And guide *Arcturus* with his sons?"—xxxviii. 31, 32.

The constellation of *Ursa Major* will answer as well as the group of the *Pleiades* to the terms of the prophetic admonition, "Seek him that maketh the seven stars and *Orion*, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning."

Since the foregoing was written, the region of the Great Bear has been the scene of universal attention, from the unexpected apparition of "the Comet of 1861." We have given the position of this mysterious stranger, as observed at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, on the 2nd and on the 7th of July. The following extracts are from the reports of astronomers.

Sir John Herschell, in the "London Review," writing July 6th, says: "The comet, which was first noticed here on Saturday night, June 29, by a resident in the village of *Hawkhurst*, (who informs me that his attention was drawn to it by its being taken by some of his family for the moon rising,) became conspicuously visible on the 30th, when I first observed it. It then far exceeded in brightness any comet I have before observed, those of 1811 and the recent splendid one of 1858 not excepted. Its total light certainly far surpassed that of any fixed star or planet, except perhaps *Venus* at its maximum. The tail extended, from its then position, about 8 or 10 degrees above the horizon, to within 10 or 12

degrees of the pole-star, and was therefore about 80 degrees in length. Its greatest breadth, which diminished rapidly in receding from the head, might be about 5 degrees. Viewed through a good achromatic, by Peter Dollond, of 2½ inches aperture and 4 feet focal length, it exhibited a very condensed central light, which might fairly be called a nucleus; but, in its then low situation, no other physical peculiarities could be observed. On the 2nd, its appearance at midnight was truly magnificent. The tail, considerably diminished in breadth, had shot out to an extravagant length, extending from the place of the head above σ (omicron) of the Great Bear at least to π (pi) and ρ (rho) *Herculis*; that is to say, about 72 degrees, and perhaps somewhat farther. It exhibited no bifurcation, or lateral offsets, and no curvature like that of the comet of 1858, but appeared rather as a narrow prolongation of the northern side of the broader portion near the comet than as a thinning off of the latter along a central axis; thus imparting an unsymmetrical aspect to the whole phenomenon.

"Viewed through a seven-feet Newtonian reflector of six inches aperture, the nucleus was uncommonly vivid, and was concentrated in a dense pellet of not more than four or five seconds in angular diameter (about 315 miles). It was round, and so very little woolly, that it might almost have been taken for a small planet seen through dense fog; still, so far from sharp definition as to preclude any idea of its being a solid body. No sparkling or star-light point could, however, be discerned in its centre, with the power used (96), nor any separation by a darker interval between the nucleus and the cometic envelope. The gradation of light, though rapid, was continuous. Neither on this occasion was there any unequivocal appearance of that sort of fan, or sector, of light, which has been noticed on so many former ones.

"The appearance on the 3rd was nearly similar; but on the 4th, the fan, though feebly, was yet certainly perceived, and, last night (the 5th), was very distinctly visible. It consisted, however, not in any vividly radiating jet of light from the nucleus of any well-defined form, but in a crescent-shaped cap formed by a very delicately graduated condensation of the light on the side towards the sun, connected with the nucleus, and what may be termed the *coma* (or spherical haze immediately surrounding it), by an equally delicate gradation of light, very evidently superior in intensity to that on the opposite side. Having no micrometer attached, I could only estimate the distance of the brightest portion of this crescent from the nucleus, at about 7 or 8 minutes, corresponding, at the then distance of the comet, to about 35,000 miles.

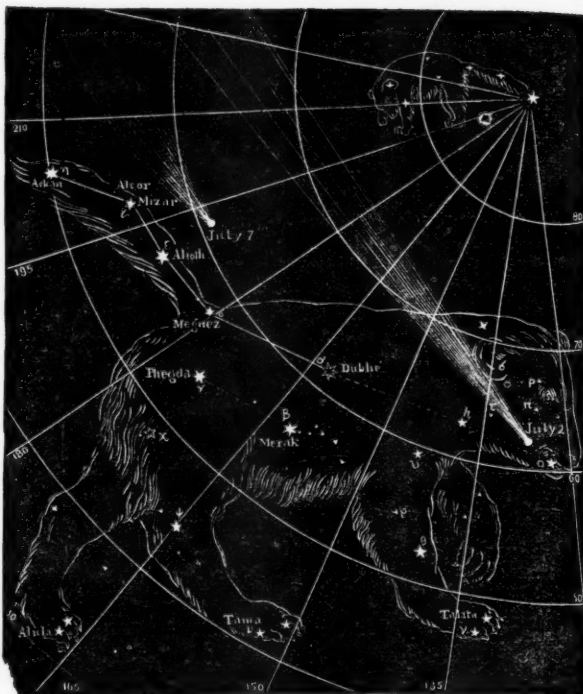
"Viewed, on the 5th, through a doubly refracting prism well achromatized, no certain indication of polarization in the light of the nucleus and head of the comet could be perceived. The constitution of the comet, therefore, is analogous to that of a cloud; the light reflected from which, as is well known, exhibits no signs of polarity."

At the sitting of the Academy of Sciences, on the 8th of July, at Paris, M. *Leverrier* expressed himself certain that this is not Charles the

Fifth's comet; and, moreover, that it resembles none of those already observed. This circumstance will contribute not a little to throw confusion upon what we know of these erratic bodies. He could not then say whether this comet is periodical or not; its orbit having been too cursorily determined to enable us to pronounce it elliptical, parabolical, or even hyperbolic. At any rate, appearances are against its return, for the orbit is nearly perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, while those of periodical comets usually form a very small angle with that plane. It is only now we can determine the distance of the comet from the earth, and the length of its tail. On the 30th of June, the line joining the centre of the sun with that of the comet made an angle of four degrees with that joining the centres of the sun and earth, the length of which is known. The angle which this line formed with the visual ray, drawn from the eye of the observer to the centre of the comet, was twenty-four degrees. The triangle thus formed may therefore be calculated, and it gives us the distance of the comet from the earth, amounting to between six and seven millions of leagues (about seventeen millions of miles English). The length of the tail might be similarly calculated. The comet is rapidly moving away from us, and it is, therefore, not surprising that its brilliancy has diminished. On the 10th, it will be equally distant from the sun and earth; we shall soon lose sight of it, and astronomers only will be able to follow it for about a month longer. It presents a singular peculiarity. M. Chacornac has studied the nucleus with one of M. Foucault's telescopes of a diameter of forty centimetres; instead of its being hollow, like the half of an egg-shell, like most of the comets already observed, it presents the appearance of a sun composed of fireworks. Moreover, the comet has not drawn nearer to the sun. These are all circumstances calculated to introduce great complications into the theory of comets.

Mr. Hind says that it appears not only possible, but even probable, that in the course of Sunday, June 30, the earth passed through the tail of the comet at a distance of perhaps two-thirds of its length from the nucleus. He adds that on Sunday evening, while the comet was so conspicuous in the northern heavens, there was a peculiar phosphorescence or illumination of the sky, which he attributed at the time to an auroral glare; it was remarked by other persons as something unusual, and, considering how near we must have been on that evening to the tail of the comet, it may perhaps be a point worthy of investigation whether such an effect can be attributed to our proximity thereto.

Mr. Lowe, of Highfield-house, confirms Mr. Hind's statement of the peculiar appearance of the heavens on the 30th of June. The sky, he says,



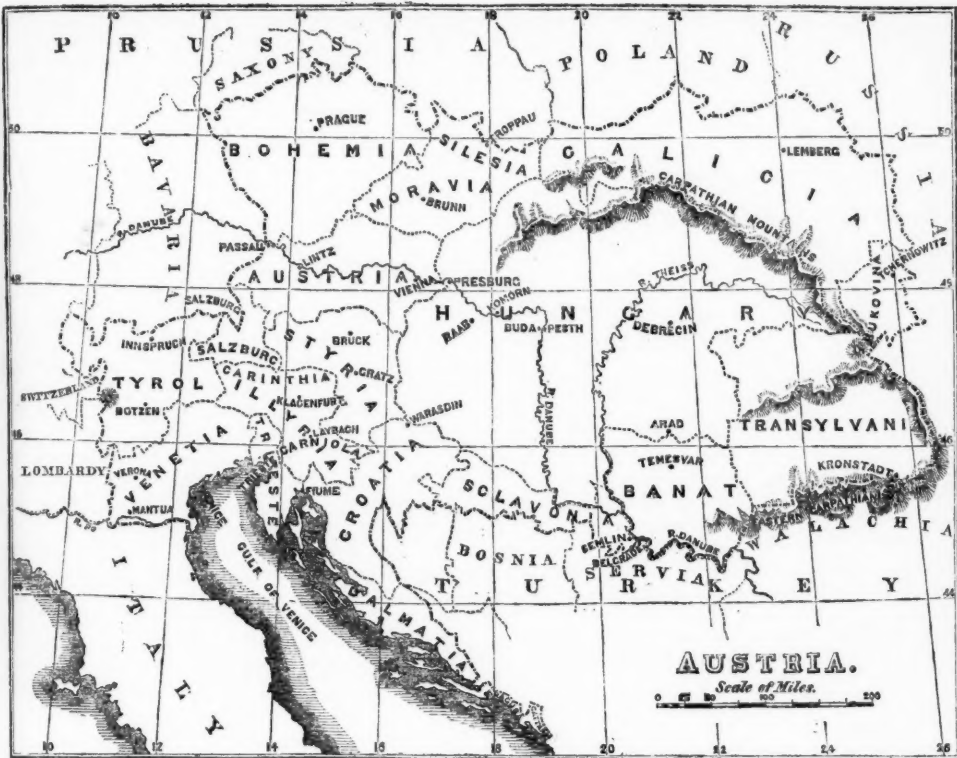
had a yellow, auroral, glare-like look, and the sun, though shining, gave but feeble light. The comet was plainly visible at a quarter to eight o'clock (during sunshine), while on subsequent evenings it was not seen till an hour later. In confirmation of this, he adds that in the parish church the vicar had the pulpit candles lighted at seven o'clock, a proof that a sensation of darkness was felt even with the sun shining. Without being aware that the comet's tail was surrounding our globe, yet, being struck by the singularity of the appearance, he recorded in his day-book the following remark:—"A singular yellow phosphorescent glare, very like diffused Aurora Borealis, yet being daylight such Aurora would scarcely be noticeable." The comet itself, he states, had a much more hazy appearance than at any time since that evening.

Mr. Warren de la Rue attempted to photograph the comet. After three minutes' exposure in the focus of his 13-inch reflector, the comet had left no impression upon a sensitized collodion plate, although a neighbouring star, π Ursæ Majoris—close to which the comet passed on the night of the 2nd (Tuesday)—left its impression twice over, from a slight disturbance of the instrument.

THE EMPIRE OF AUSTRIA.

On turning to a map of the Austrian empire, we find it is a large and central territory on the continent of Europe. Though wide in extent, and densely populated, and occupying the position of a first class Power, it is an ill-assorted aggregate of various provinces, peoples, and tongues, having no

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unity and compactness. Several centuries ago Austria was a small and insignificant province, but has swelled to its present dimension from territories acquired by marriage, purchase, and inheritance. It will be interesting to give a condensed sketch of the rise and growth of the Austrian empire. The princes of this Imperial House are descended from the ancient dukes of Alsace. They formerly had the title of Counts of Habsburg, or Hapsburg, from a castle of that name on the Aar, in Switzerland. The German empire was founded by Charlemagne, in the ninth century. He subdued the district on the south bank of the Danube to the east of the River Ens, and made it into a military frontier to repel the incursions of the Huns and other barbarous peoples. It then had the name of *Ostreich*, or the east country, and afterwards was named Lower Austria.

This little province was the nucleus of the present Austrian empire. Its governors were styled margraves. About the middle of the twelfth century, Upper Austria was added to Lower Austria, and the title of margrave merged into that of duke. Soon after, Styria was given by request to the dukes of Austria, who had their ducal seat at Vienna. Rodolph of Hapsburg, one of the ablest princes of his age, gave the ducal throne to his son Albert and his descendants, which is the origin of the Hapsburg dynasty over Austria. Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola, were annexed to the growing state in 1294. Albert reigned from 1298 to 1308,

during which period he lost his Swiss territories. The Tyrol was acquired by Austria in 1364. In the year 1438 Albert II got the imperial crown, which has remained ever since with the Hapsburg princes. In the end of the fifteenth century, Maximilian I, Emperor of Austria, got the Low Countries, or Netherlands, by marrying the daughter of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; and his son Philip, marrying the heiress of Spain, had the whole of Spain and its American colonies under the dominion of the House of Austria. In 1521, Ferdinand I married the sister of Louis, King of Hungary and Bohemia, and on the death of the latter, at the Battle of Mohacz, in 1526, became heir to these estates. In 1526, Charles V, of the House of Austria, ruled over the Austrian provinces, Hungary, the Low Countries, and Spain, and was the most powerful sovereign in Europe. In 1556 he gave his Spanish possessions and the Netherlands to his son Philip II, under whose reign the seven united provinces revolted and threw off their allegiance. The swelling power of Austria, and her oppression of the Protestants, roused the surrounding nations, which led to the thirty years' war in Germany, from 1618 to 1648, when the Roman Catholic States, with Austria at their head, contended against Saxony and the other Protestant States, assisted by France and Sweden. It ended in the treaty of Westphalia, which gave independence to the German States, and restored peace to Europe. The Emperor Leopold, son of Ferdinand III, subjected Transylvania,

and enlarged the bounds of Hungary, and Charles VI, in 1718, secured possession of the Banat of Temesvar. He died in 1740, and with him ended the male branch of the House of Hapsburg.

His eldest daughter was Maria Theresa. By the assistance of English subsidies, and with the powerful aid of Hungary, she resisted the invasion of Bavaria, Saxony, and France, who made pretensions to her dominions, and secured possession of the imperial throne. In 1772, on the partition of Poland, Austria obtained Galicia as her part of the plunder. The Buckowine was acquired in 1777, and the Inviertel on the side of Bavaria, in 1778.

In 1809, Austria took up arms against Napoleon, and for a time had to cede the provinces of Carniola, Trieste, Villach, with a great part of Croatia and Agram, West Galicia, and Inviertel, with other possessions. At this time the empire was so reduced that she had lost 20,000,000 of her population. On the destruction of the French armies in Russia, she was reinstated by the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, in more than her former splendour; in which condition she has remained with slight change down to our own day.

The imperial crown of Austria is hereditary, and, till the year 1848, was nearly an absolute monarchy, though subject to various modifications in the different provinces. The numerous states and kingdoms of which the empire is composed, and the variety of ancient constitutions embraced within the Austrian dominions, give to the whole body the appearance of a federative rather than a consolidated State. As the military force and the revenue of the various countries are in the power of the emperor, he is able to carry out his arbitrary measures.

Viewed in a political aspect, the empire consists of two great divisions—Hungary and its dependencies, which have a representative government, and the other provinces governed by the emperor. Austria is an aggregate of several kingdoms, such as Bohemia, Hungary, Transylvania, with some lately conquered districts, such as Galicia and Lombardy, and, with its hereditary possessions, the Tyrol and Styria. The government is substantially a despotism, though mild in its administration. Originally, the reigning prince of Austria had the title of emperor only, when elected as head of the Germanic Confederation. His hereditary titles were Archduke of Austria and King of Hungary and Bohemia. Francis II was compelled by Napoleon to resign the title of Emperor of Germany, when he assumed in its stead that of Emperor of Austria.

There are political assemblies in most of the countries subject to Austria. In Hungary and Transylvania, which was incorporated with it, the States have a share in the making of laws, and have other prerogatives secured by their national constitution, and in the Tyrol no new tax can be imposed without the consent of their National Diet. The other provinces are passively submissive to the Austrian Government. Their assemblies are only for form's sake, and for giving assistance in secondary matters of administration. In Hungary the nation shares the legislative and even the executive power with the emperor, and the Tyrolese have, to a certain degree, the same privileges.

Before entering on the political constitution of the Austrian empire, we shall briefly direct our attention to Hungary.

In its widest acceptation it includes, besides Hungary Proper, Croatia, Slavonia, Transylvania, and the provinces on the military frontier, that is, bordering on Turkey. In a more limited sense it may be restricted to Hungary Proper, with Croatia and Slavonia, to the exclusion of the other provinces. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, its territories were very extensive; but many provinces have been detached from it. It has still a close connection, in a political and military sense, with Slavonia, Croatia, Dalmatia, and Transylvania.

The people of Hungary consist of seven distinct races: Magyars, Slowacks, Croats, Germans, Wallachians, Rusmacks, and Jews; and about a half of the Magyars (the chief inhabitants of Hungary Proper) profess the Protestant religion. In 1848, Hungary and her provinces had her comitats and her national diets. After the Revolution of 1848-49, Croatia, Slavonia, the Waiwodshaft of Servia, and the Banat were separated from her through the intrigues of Austria.

The Diet of Hungary is composed of four estates or classes—the Catholic prelates, the magnates of the nation, the representatives of the inferior nobles, and the representatives of the royal free towns. The magnates and prelates have a chamber by themselves, and the representatives have another. In the Upper Chamber the president is the palatine, or, in his absence, the nobleman next in dignity; and in the Lower Chamber the president is appointed not from rank, but as the representative of the crown. The king is present in person or by commissioners. The Diet meet once in five years, but its meetings are generally more frequent, as on the election of a palatine or other public emergency. Such is the constitution of Hungary.

The administration of the whole empire centres in Vienna. In 1848, the Imperial Cabinet consisted of five members, under whom a council undertook the seven departments, viz., justice, the army, police, exchequer, finance, health, and education. By this council, and eleven administrative boards for the various provinces, all sitting in Vienna, the business of the State was managed. The emperor is President of the Privy Council. The principal boards are, the Chancery, for Foreign Affairs; the United Chancery of Bohemia and Austria; the Grand Court of Justice; the High Councils of Hungary and Transylvania; the Ministers of Finance and Commerce; the High Chancery for Italy, etc.

The principal cause which led to the Hungarian revolution, in 1848, were the liberal measures passed in the Hungarian Parliament in the spring of that year, to protect the constitution of the country. Reforms were made in the internal administration. The representation of the States, formerly aristocratic, was widened, securing greater influence to the people in parliament; the equality of the citizens was proclaimed, the privileges of exemption from taxation abolished, and the freedom of the press, and trial by jury, established. The resolution of the Diet claiming these reforms reached Vienna

on the same day the electric tidings were brought of the French Revolution. The Austrian Cabinet yielded through fear to the demands of the nation. The emperor guaranteed the ancient rights and liberties of Hungary, and gave his sanction to establish a responsible ministry; and to satisfy the people of Vienna, who had risen in insurrection, he also granted liberal measures. He decreed that the general education of the people would be provided for by public institutions. He conceded the free expression of opinion, relieved the press from censorship, and granted the right of petitioning and of forming associations where the subject was lawful. Individual liberty was guaranteed, and a man's domicile held to be inviolable. But the Hungarians were not permitted to continue long in the enjoyment of their constitutional rights and privileges. The public debt of the Austrian Government exceeded 2000 millions, and a third great bankruptcy was at hand. No new tax could be levied on Hungary. She could ask a financial statement from her sovereign, which he would not dare to give. Austria would not bring to light the millions of secret service money squandered by Metternich and his emissaries. The Austrian Government resolved, with direct cruelty, to instigate animosities between Hungary and her other provinces—to arm nation against nation, and race against race, and thereby annihilate her independence. After a brave and sanguinary struggle, in which, for a time, the Hungarians worsted the armies of Austria in successive engagements, the revolution in Hungary was crushed by the intervention of Russian arms; and the best and bravest of her sons were driven into exile, or sent to the dungeon and the scaffold. Napoleon III, with the armies of France and Italy, by his victories at Magenta and Solferino, has given new hope of freedom to the provinces of the empire.

Pressed by the difficulties of his position, and alarmed at the prospect of events in Europe, the Emperor of Austria has lately given a new constitution to the congregated nationalities of his empire. Hungary is not to get back her ancient constitution. In place of this, she is to send members to a general diet, and the taxes and levies of that kingdom are to be decreed at the Central Assembly, the Reichsrath, met at Vienna. The Imperial Council of Hungary is to give place to the Great Council of the empire, a parliament consisting of a House of Lords and a House of Deputies. The Upper House is constituted of hereditary nobles, and men in distinguished stations in the church and the state. The members of the House of Representatives are elected at the diets of their respective countries. A Council of State is established, having the functions of a privy council. The Council of the Empire meets once a year, to discuss the general business of the various provinces.

The representatives of the larger half of the provinces of the empire were not present at the first sessions of the Reichsrath, which plainly shows their dissatisfaction with this centralized constitution. At the opening of the Assembly there were present:—

Lower Austria	1,538,000
Upper Austria	745,000
Salzburg	148,000
German Tyrol	692,000
Styria	1,106,000
Carinthia	350,000
Krain	520,000
Bohemia	4,865,000
Moravia	2,000,000
Silesia	503,000
Bukovina	500,000

In all 13,057,000

There were wanting the representatives of

Hungary	10,320,000
Transylvania	2,280,000
Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia	1,300,000
Military crown lands adjacent to Turkey (forming the crown lands of Hungary)	1,050,000
Venetia	2,500,000
Istria and Trieste	600,000
Galicia	5,050,000
Italian Tyrol	300,000

In all 23,400,000

Thus the deputies who were present represent about one-third of the whole population. Of the remaining two-thirds, 18,350,000, or more than one-half of the whole monarchy, have absolutely refused to have anything to do with the Reichsrath; while the deputies of Galicia, representing 5,050,000, have not yet made their appearance. Such is the present constitution of the Austrian empire.

LEADENHALL MARKET.

THE bright May sun is darting down his beams upon dusty London, as hotly as if it were the middle of the dog-days, instead of the middle of the merry month which is the climax of the temperate and genial spring. Gracechurch Street is in a whirl of business and excitement—gorged with omnibuses, glutted with drays and wharf-waggons, sprinkled with cabs, and thronged on the footways with an eager multitude, each and all of them pressing and elbowing their way towards some definite point of attraction, which, judging from the haste they make, cannot be reached too soon. It wants about half an hour of noon when, escaping from this over-crammed channel of London's commerce, we find ourselves wandering in Leadenhall Market.

There is no market within the sound of Bow bells, or indeed beyond their sound, which is better known or better appreciated by the well-to-do citizen than this. Not that it is by any means a model market in point of outward show: it is in fact a very shabby market, and quite behind the age in matters of convenience and accommodation either to buyers or sellers, as well as in respect of decorations of all kinds, to which it appears to possess no claim whatever. In its most attractive aspect it would vex the eyes of Owen Jones, while it would puzzle a whole batch of archaeologists to declare what is the predominant feature of its architecture. In some respects it reminds us of the Parisian rag-market erected on the site of the ancient Temple, because, like that classic spot, it is in good part covered in with low roofs of no particular description; but it is not half so clean as the great Paris rag-shop, and it cannot, as that can, boast of anything like regularity in its general plan.

By degrees, as we wander through this strange congeries of alleys and odd-shaped areas, crowded with bulks, stalls, fish-boards, shambles, fowleries, fruit and vegetable stands, etc., we are able to divine satisfactorily enough what it is that constitutes the peculiar value of the market in the eye of the Londoner. The fact is, that this portion of Leadenhall is the great city larder, that it comprises within itself all those material elements necessary to the success of that great British institution, a dinner, and is therefore a source of attraction both to the amphitryon and the guest, the diner-out and the giver of dinners. Here in plentiful abundance are the items for as many courses as you like, starting with the soup and ending with the dessert. A salmon of thirty or forty pounds is nothing in Leadenhall, and not a whit more remarkable in the experience of the place than the diminutive white-bait a score to the ounce; there they both lie in combination with all that the deep sea has to offer, from the mouth of the Thames to the Dogger Bank. The haunch, the saddle, and the sirloin must be sought in comparatively quiet quarters, which the butchers have appropriated to themselves, and where we note that, though they are unnecessarily regardless of the merits of clean sawdust and white linen, which impart to some of our large provincial markets an air of freshness and purity, they are keen and careful enough on the subject of ventilation and the admission of fresh air, from whatever point it may chance to come.

But if we are to judge from the displays of to-day, it is in the poultry department that the city market is most pre-eminent; and the poor fowls would seem to be brought hither on the kill-'em-when-you-want-'em principle, for it is difficult to say whether the numbers living or the numbers dead are most abundant, so vast is the multitude of both. The ranks of the slaughtered lie literally in tens of thousands—on the ground, heaped on bulks, stuffed into hampers, ranged on shelves, dangling from nails and hooks, and thrust into coopers; while the living, crammed into every practical kind of prison, appear to outnumber them, and assert their superiority by a deafening din that never pauses for an instant, and puts to shame the chorus of the parrot-room in the Zoological Gardens. Five hundred chanticleers, true British cocks of the walk, heedless of their stifling durance, are sending forth their challenges at once, and are answered by the hoarse croaking of as many Cochins, mingled with the clucking of barn-door fowls, the quacking of innumerable ducks, and the melancholy coo-coo of imprisoned doves. Looking over a fence about waist-high, a curious and uncomfortable spectacle presents itself. There, covering an area of some dozen feet square, writhes and wriggles in a vain attempt to flutter or fly, a multitudinous mass of live duck; beyond the heads and bills, which lie as thick as beans in a bag, there is nothing visible, save when some extra vigorous bird, by a desperate effort, leaps up for an instant, like a parched pea in a frying-pan, and drops into the mass again. The uproar they make in their misery, though compounded of individual "quacks," grates upon the ear like the rapid action of a coarse

file upon unyielding metal, and one might listen to it for hours at a distance, without guessing its source. One can but wish them a "happy release" and a speedy promotion to the spit.

Among the dead birds dangling on the show-boards of the retailers, though the principal part are English fowls, we note a good many strangers, some of whom we fail to identify. There is one who recurs again and again, having a bill somewhat resembling that of the woodcock, a grey breast covered with warm brown spots, semi-webbed feet, and approaching a duck in size. There are whole ranks of the pretty little dotterels, whom it seems a pity to kill for the small sweet morsel they will yield; and there are as many of the graceful and beautiful ruff, so called from the charming van-dyke-collar which projects in delicate lace-work all round its neck. What is remarkable in these exquisitely-formed creatures is the fact that you never see two of them alike: though they never differ in form and outline, they are as various in hue as the flowers of the field, and quite as rich and delicate in colour. Among a dozen hanging from the same shelf, we noticed some nearly white, some a purple grey, some parti-coloured, with bright red, white, and orange tints, and some of a general creamy hue, mottled with the tones of the thunder-cloud.

But, apart from all considerations of the dining-table, the market of Leadenhall has another reputation for which it is celebrated far and wide—it is *par excellence* the market for pet birds and animals, and its dealings in this way are carried on upon an extensive scale. Hither, at this time of the year, come the pigeon-fanciers to recruit their stocks, or to see what progress is making in the art of breeding. That thing in the cage, there, which looks like a snow-ball stuck on a pair of legs, and having the smallest possible head adhering to it accidentally, is a Pouter—a fellow who is nothing but crop; that saucy grey fellow above, with the sharp eyes, is a carrier, who will bear a message a hundred miles for you if you like; and next to him there are a couple of tumblers, whose delight it is to amuse themselves with experiments in gravitation, tumbling headlong through the clouds by way of pastime. But if you have a weakness for pigeons, look here; here is a man fenced round by boards in a small inclosure, and literally standing up to his middle in young birds rifled from the dovecote, little more than half fledged, and of course not strong enough to fly. Crowding round him, and leaning over the fence, are a swarm of the pigeon-fanciers of the metropolis and suburbs—men who do business among the chimney-pots and circulate their capital amid the clouds. They are not superlatively genteel as to costume, and they have not derived their grammar from Lindley Murray; but they have one and all a recon-dite knowledge of the pigeon world, and as they plunge their hands into the struggling mass of downy feathers, pulling forth one specimen after another, you hear them discourse in a mysterious language, and pronounce oracularly upon this fledgling or the other, in terms which, whether they be slangy or scientific, it puzzles you to tell. It becomes evident to you, as you look on, that the

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poor little birds, who are struggling desperately for very breath, cannot long endure the torture of their position, and that all who are not within a few hours transferred to the dove-cote will be doomed to an early sepulchre under a pie-crust.

Here, cabined in frame of coarse wicker, is our portly friend of the barn-yard, the turkey-cock, alias the "bubbly-jock." When at liberty in his paternal domain, he indulges in a lordly swagger, and shakes his pendulous and ruddy gills with a gravity more than aldermanic, and spreads out his fan and struts like a stage hero; but now, poor fellow, he has lost all his conceit: crouching in a corner, he turns a moist melancholy eye on the confusion around him: his ruddy gills have collapsed like a spendthrift's purse; as for swaggering, he has no room to stand upon his feet, but sits in the attitude of a brood hen, while his jaunty fan has disappeared altogether.* It is no better with the noble and graceful swan; here the snowy monarch of the waters is ruthlessly packed alive in a case not much larger than an ancient Egyptian would have allotted for his mummy, and, pressed down by the superincumbent roof, has to dispose of his long neck by coiling it up on the floor. Worst of all is the proud and gorgeous peacock; there may be commercial reasons, perhaps, why this haughty beauty of the lawn should not be allowed much prison room. However that may be, we find him here literally swaddled in a kind of bandage of laths, which allow him room to breathe and that is all; as his glory and his monetary value lies in the perfection of his tail, that is taken especial care of, being made to project from the stern of the narrow hutch, and received on a clean sheet of paper, where it reposes in perfect safety, all motion on the part of its owner being effectually prevented.

The pet rooks, ravens, and owls have much more liberty allowed them, and can flutter and buffet themselves to their hearts' content when they like, their plumage being a less damageable commodity. Sancy Mag has a roomy cage to himself, and seems to enjoy the uproar and din around him, and to examine inquisitively all that come near, as if he were speculating as to who would be his purchaser. Not only all our domesticable birds will be found here alive in their proper season, but every animal as well, whom it is possible to make a pet of. Rabbits, hares, guinea-pigs, squirrels, and such common favourites may form the staple of the traffic; but the hedgehog, the ferret, the badger, the fox, the weasel, and even the mole, will find their way to the market; as well as anything else that flies or runs over British soil, for which there may be even an occasional demand.

Chief among the animals, however, are the pet dogs. These, for the most part, occupy the place of honour, being well kept in comfortable cages, conveniently placed for inspection by purchasers. They are of all the breeds which mankind, and especially the ladies, have selected to be their com-

panions within doors and without. There are Scotch terriers, curly-haired poodles, dwarf lapspaniels, Danish dogs, Russian dogs, Swiss dogs, and pups from Newfoundland, and there are mixed breeds, born and brought up to pattern, and some of them small enough to be carried in the pocket, and worth a purseful of money. Nor must the Leadenhall cats be forgotten. Other people may drown their litters of kittens when tabby brings them into the world, but the Leadenhall breeders don't do that. A kitten in Leadenhall Market is good for ten shillings: that is the customary tariff for a thorough-bred grimalkin; and as we have known several who were bought there at that price, and as they all turned out giants in size when full grown, and were moreover possessed of remarkable intelligence, we can pronounce them to be honestly worth the money. When you see, as you sometimes do, an enormous cat in a tradesman's shop—a cat big enough to look at you over the counter, while his hind legs are on the ground—you may be pretty sure that he is, by descent at least, of the Leadenhall breed.

Sometimes Leadenhall Market asserts itself in a rather characteristic way in the surrounding district. Rabbits that ought to have been curried long ago, are found burrowing in the underground regions of the neighbours' houses; erratic magpies will come fluttering down the chimney, and perch, all sooty and saucy, on the tea-table; Master Hedgehog has taken up his lodging in the back kitchen, under the copper, and frightened Betty into a fit of the "stericks," when she unwittingly smoked him out on the morning of washing-day; just as Mrs. Grundy is retiring to rest, she hears something under the bed, and has to call in the policeman, who comes in, bull's-eye in hand, and dislodges a couple of ducks, which he valiantly carries off to the station. Such little accidents, which you may class, if you like, under the head of flotsam and jetsam, are, as we are informed on very good authority, by no means of unusual occurrence; and even while we write, a curious example of the waifs and strays of Leadenhall is going the round of the newspapers, and is worth recording here.

A few weeks back, the proprietor of an eating-house in the neighbourhood of the Exchange was awoken in the dead of the night by a strange noise proceeding from the basement of his dwelling. As he listened, the noise continued, and he came to the conclusion that thieves had broken in. He gave the alarm; the police were soon on the spot, and a stringent search was made, but nothing being discovered, it was supposed that no cause for suspicion existed. On the following night, at the same hour, the noise recurred; the police were again summoned, and the search renewed. This time it was more successful. The intruder turned out to be a fox, who had escaped from his confinement in Leadenhall Market, and, after wandering the streets for some distance, had taken refuge in the cellars of the eating-house. Reynard had the cunning to lie quiet enough all day, but was compelled by hunger to forage during the night, and, making more noise than was prudent under the circumstances, was recaptured and again consigned to durance.

* See, in No. 418, an amusing paper on "Christmas Turkeys" in *Leadenhall Market*, by F. T. Buckland, Esq., Author of "Curiosities of Natural History."

A DAY ON THE HUDSON.

It was a lovely summer morning as we trotted down Broadway, our spirits, thanks to the well devised American system, unruffled by any parting dispute with an extortionate landlord. Already were the pavements thronged by men of business proceeding to their counting-houses. Brightly painted omnibuses followed each other in a continuous stream, and ice-carts moved slowly from door to door, with their regular supply of this indispensable luxury. Then came the never-failing policeman, with his large straw hat and spotless white "pants," looking as little like his brethren of the A division as can well be imagined, but honourably distinguished by the attentive politeness with which he superintended the crossings, not unfrequently offering his arm to any unprotected female who might wish to gain the opposite side of the street.

Tall stone houses, with trees beside the footway, produced a foreign effect, in spite of the familiar names over almost every store; an effect heightened by crowds of mustachioed workmen, and by the frequent coloured persons about the eating-houses or barbers' shops.

At length our carriage rattled out of the main thoroughfare and proceeded towards the river side. How instantly was the aspect of everything changed! It is difficult to believe in the filth and wretchedness through which we passed before gaining the landing-stage—a shabby wooden erection, as are all such arrangements in the Empire City. There was not a moment to spare. The large white steamer was veering into the stream; we had scarcely gained the deck before a bell rang, a whistle sounded, and she was off, slowly at first, but with increased speed as she shot into mid-channel, and steamed away up the Hudson. Presently there was a rush to see the "Great Eastern," then moored close in shore and towering over the buildings near her.

The river steamers of America have been so often described, that I shall only observe that there is certainly no mode of travelling so thoroughly comfortable, and at the same time inexpensive, as by what Brother Jonathan fondly, and not incorrectly, terms his floating palaces. In these north river boats the engines are low pressure, a fact tending greatly to tranquillize a stranger's nerves. The tide was in our favour, and we glided rapidly past the Palisades, Piermont and Sing-Sing, scenery immortalized by the pen of Washington Irving, but scarcely noticed by our fellow-travellers, as they lounged in the elegant saloons, or enjoyed the cool air on the upper deck, engaged in reading the newspaper, with the never-failing occupation of smoking or chewing. Musicians on board enlivened the ship with national and popular melodies, whilst a specimen of what the Americans call "the inferior race," a strongly built mulatto, with rolling black eyes of immense drollery, amused a large audience beneath the awning on the after-deck by his performance as a ventriloquist.

Being Saturday, the vessel was filled with New Yorkers going to the various watering-places along our way, until the Monday. And here were ex-

hibited the newest fashions of Paris and London, in prodigious profusion—at least, as regarded the fairer portion of the company, for their male protectors were reduced, by the extreme heat of the weather, to an almost universal white cotton or brown holland costume. Even our worthy captain had adopted this unprofessional garb, and strolled about the deck in the shabbiest of summer coats.

These commanders of American steamboats are a very different race from the ruddy-faced, thick-voiced children of the Thames, who can scarcely be imagined in any other situation than that of easing, stopping, or taking "half-a-turn ahead." Now, the American captain is not only an "enlightened citizen" by title, but an accomplished man of the world. He knows everything, and has been everywhere; pays polite compliments to his lady passengers; argues upon politics with the men; manages, single-handed, the ticket department; and at each station on the route assists in person to adjust the gangway.

As we entered the highlands it was ebb tide, and off West Point a whole fleet of sailing vessels was getting under way to profit by the freshening breeze. They lay scattered under the shore, in the slack water, the schooners among them stealing along wing and wing, looking most picturesque against the wooded hills. It was a delightful cruise, for every turn of the stream disclosed some new prospect, until we rounded the cliffs of the Storm King and passed into a broad bend of the river, where, flowing through an open country between cultivated banks, it attains off Newburgh a width of two miles.

Here we landed, and, despite the noonday heat, toiled up a steep hill to visit the head-quarters of Washington—a house in no way remarkable, but containing some trophies of the great war. Among the rest is a broken and rusty bayonet, with the curious inscription attached, "This killed an English officer." Poor fellow! is the only record of his services and death to be found on this insignificant relic?

Resolved to enjoy a pull on the river, we hired a skiff. A group of natives gathered on the pier to wonder at this proceeding. One of them remarked that he supposed we were engaged in some sort of survey; and when I told him it was for pleasure, he smiled incredulously and ejaculated an emphatic, "no, *sirree*." At first we drifted with the current, but, as evening came on, our oars were steadily plied until we reached the little township of Cornwall. There, leaving our boat, I sought the residence of my friend, one of America's most gifted sons, who has fixed his home in a truly beautiful situation, on an eminence at the junction of the Hudson and Moodna. Perhaps my first impressions were peculiarly favourable; for as we sat upon the lawn and conversed of bygone days, the sun sank slowly towards the north-west, while his departing glory lit up a scene of surpassing loveliness. Far down below lies the great blue river, its surface dotted with innumerable white sails, and with, ever and anon, a gay steamer darting up the mid-channel. Nearer to me are dark masses of woodland, with here and there some little village peeping out

from among the trees, to relieve their sylvan monotony by a glimpse of human life; while far away on the other side rise huge mountains, tier on tier, blending their last dim peaks with the wondrous cloud castles of golden and purple on the distant horizon. It is a view which makes one think of a time when the red warrior wandered over this magnificent country, its lord and master. Now, he is banished to the "Portals of the Sunset," to the "regions of Keewaydin," and, ere very long, I fear that he must follow in the footsteps of Hiawatha, and reach that land where the pale-faces can hardly grudge him a permanent resting-place.

On returning to the pier, more than fifty private carriages, such as they were, awaited the arrival of the afternoon boat. Here was every description of vehicle, from the light-hooded buggy, with its pair of fast trotters, to the rough but useful family wagon. I certainly remarked nothing like a stylish turn-out, but the display of so many good horses and efficient traps was very creditable.

Ere long the steamer hove in sight, and rushed swiftly towards the land, her pilot displaying unusual skill in his manner of laying so heavy a vessel alongside. It is no exaggeration to say that the "Thomas Powell," although of 2000 tons burden, was handled with the same ease as a penny boat at Blackfriars. This result is materially aided by such arrangements as having the wheel-house forward, signal bells to the engine-room, and so forth.

I was introduced to Captain Anderson, who kindly offered to tow me to Newburgh; our skiff was made fast, and we tore away, astern of the steamer, doing the distance in an extremely short time. Having settled the moderate demands of our Newburgh waterman, I endeavoured to find the boat, or barge, which goes nightly with merchandise and a few passengers to New York, and after groping about on a ricketty wharf, at great personal risk, succeeded in boarding the vessel in question. Her lower deck was packed with raw produce of every sort; and several wild figures were making night hideous, by a close imitation of the departed Smithfield drover, as they stowed a number of cattle under the wheel-house. Stumbling over many obstacles, I at length discovered a den beneath the companion, where, illumined by a wretched oil lamp, a gaunt youth sat playing with the stump of his cigar. I addressed him with conciliatory mildness:—

"Would you be good enough to tell me when she sails?"

"Don't know," was his reply, as he turned away indifferently.

"Is this vessel going to New York, or not?" I asked, rather more briskly.

"Yes, *sir*," dwelling affectionately on the last word.

"When shall we get there, then?"

"That depends on circumstances."

"Let me pay for my passage."

This offer was promptly accepted; he threw a key on the counter, and exclaimed, as if heartily tired of me and my questions, "Thar, dollar to pay!" I withdrew to my berth, still unsatisfied as regarded our voyage.

The cumbrous craft, however, was soon canted down stream, attached to a long train of lumber rafts and barges, in tow of a steam tug. This method of progress, though rather slow, has many advantages. There is not the slightest perceptible motion; and I was surprised next morning, on quitting my cabin, to find that we had reached the Empire City, and were snugly moored among a crowd of vessels. Not a soul was in charge; so I scrambled ashore, passing the den by the companion, which was locked up, a card outside bearing the words, "Call to-morrow."

Thus ended a very pleasant trip, which cost something under twelve shillings. Not much, considering that the distance traversed was above one hundred and twenty miles.

ENGLAND'S DESTINY AND DUTY.

It has often been a question with historians and thoughtful men, "What *will* England's history and destiny be?" Will *her* glory also pass away? Will the rod of her power be broken? Will the course of empire flow to the west or to the east, or north or south, anywhere away from her shores? Different answers have been ventured, according to the views or the predilections of the individual. Some, with a blind and thoughtless partiality, have rejected the very idea of waning glory and decaying power for her. Others have thought that it is of the substance of God's plan for the *whole world* to change his instruments in successive parts of the progress, in order that no race or people should glory in his presence. But this, too, is a problem far too vast and complicated for our handling. God will answer the question in his providence when the time shall come. He will answer it actually by the conflicts of the nations, and by the voices of the ages. Meantime, however, there *is* an answer sufficiently definite and sufficiently solemn in the prophetic menace and commination of the text. If we fail in our generation work, in the high and holy task which God evidently assigns to us for this world's good, nothing can save us for very long: "We and our father's house shall be destroyed." And *then* the very things which now constitute our security and our boast will become the instruments and the illustrations of our fall and shame. Our knowledge will gleam like lightning among ruins. Our art-refinements will be like the decorations of a sepulchre. Our failing commerce will summon all the nations with which it has been carried on to behold the fate of the most gigantic selfishness the world has ever seen. Our broken fleets and armies will be like the floating wreck of ocean after a storm. The very gales which pass over our desolated land will then seem to wail and shudder with the pathos of the divine lament—"If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes."

It is quite conceivable that, even in the event of our faithfulness, we shall still lose what we call our national supremacy. For high and wise reasons—for the good of the whole world it may be best—

e.g., that there should be more equality among the nations—no one standing in enviable pre-eminence, all looking up to the throne of the heavenly King. But in that case there would be no *destruction*, no national perdition or disgrace; the transition, whatever it might be, would be natural and easy—a development, not a disruption—a free and honourable change for the great King's glory and for the great kingdom's good.

But, if we do not use our opportunities for the service of God, it is presumption and folly to suppose that he will show any partiality to us, or turn aside from his high and inflexible pathway of government for this world, to show undeserved favour to an ungrateful and disobedient people. "We and our father's house shall be destroyed." This is a very humbling but a very salutary thought. Meety may we take it with us through the streets of this great London. Looking at the Exchange, at the Bank, at the massive and capacious warehouses, at the boundless display of various merchandise along the busy streets, at the gatherings of richest and rarest things, at the parks and the princely palaces, at the towers of our Houses of Parliament, at our cathedral piles with all the precious dust and all the sculptured and trophied glories which they contain, at the shipping on the river, at the Crystal Palace shining on the hill, and at the myriad masses of our countrymen mingled with natives of every country and faces of every race of mankind—as we look at all this with new wonder every day, we may meety and profitably say, "If we altogether hold our peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the world from another place; but we and our father's house shall be destroyed!" And as some of us pass from the city to our homes in the country, and behold on the way some of its most beautiful scenes and most interesting objects, we may take up the same moral refrain. That castle would soon moulder! That mansion would soon crumble down, and be no fairer to the sight than the smoke-stained walls of the dismantled cottage! That park, so rich and green, would soon fall beneath the old curse and bring forth thorns and thistles again! Those garden bowers, into which the roses shed their fragrance, and in which are heard the soft whisperings of love, might soon be dark with the nightshade, rank with the hemlock, and sounding only with the serpent's hiss. For "the hand of the Lord will be on everything high and lifted up," *unless* on the same elevation his glory shines.

He has no antipathy to things high and lifted up in themselves. 'Tis He who makes all height, all strength, all beauty! He lifts the peaks of the mountains into clearest air, and gives them baptism of the purest snow. He watches the cedars of Lebanon during their thousand years of growth, and loves them for their hoary age and their shaggy strength. He feeds the wide-spreading oaks of Bashan with sap of the earth and dew of the heaven. He dwells in the high tower if it is built for him. He wafts the ships of Tarshish across all seas with favouring gales. He rejoices in the beauty of all pleasant pictures. But if these things are used as means of elevation for godless daring, or selfish

ease, or any form of human vanity or pride, then, according to the law, swiftly they must fall.

But "we hope better things" of our country and of ourselves, "even things which accompany salvation, although we thus speak." There is a law of *life* in God's gracious providence as well as a law of destruction, and following the beautiful turn given to the sentiment in the text, we say now, "Who knoweth whether we are come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" It is possible. It is even very probable. And we have the right and title to judge ourselves worthy of the honour of any achievement which is possible to us in the circumstances in which we are placed.

As Englishmen, we have come to a kingdom such as never before was seen among men. The very thought of it is almost overwhelming. To circumscribe the bounds of our empire we must traverse every continent and sail over every sea. The great Roman empire in its palmiest days was nothing like it. About one-fourth part of the human race is subject to our sway, and hundreds of millions more are open to our influence. The whole world waits for us, watches what we do, listens to what we say. What a gigantic kingdom! "Who knoweth whether we are come to it for such a time as this?"

No one can doubt that this is a time of the operation of new and marvellous powers—powers of *change* at least, whether of construction and life also remains to be seen by the future age. Meantime, old forms and faiths and governments, political and religious, are everywhere breaking up. "Times" of one kind are passing away. "Times" of another kind are coming on apace. It is as though dispensations were meeting—as though the world had gone through another cycle of its history, and had come again to some of its solemn "ends." It is of the utmost importance that that which is really "shaken" by time, by judgments, by men's bursting thoughts, should be allowed as quietly as may be to float off on the stream, and "vanish away;" and that that which is strong and permanent and good should be wisely welcomed in. "Who knoweth if we are come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

It seems exceedingly probable that England has been nurtured with the nurture of centuries, and prepared with the preparation of many a bloody struggle, for such a time as this. It is impossible to say how much depends on our calmness, our courage, our faithfulness to the noblest principles we profess. If we are wise and true, "deliverance and enlargement" for the nations may arise in great part from this home of the free. Then myriads of men in the ages to come will arise to bless us, and we shall have such reward as people never yet has had, in the brotherhood of nations accomplished at last under the refreshing shadow of the fatherhood of God. Let nothing then be wanting on our part which Christian citizens can suffer, give, or do to achieve such a result.*

* Extracted from a sermon by the Rev. Alex. Raleigh, preached at the anniversary of the London Missionary Society, from a passage of the book of Esther (chap. iv. 4), "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"